TWO HYMNS

For the Nativity of *CHRIST.*

Whereunto are added,

A

New-yeers Gift,

AND

An HYMN for the Feast of

TWELF-TIDE.

The Musical part being set by Mr R. M.

Printed at LONDON, 1650.

An HYMN
For the Nativity of Christ,
Sung as by Shepherds.

RIse, sullen Sun, what lie a bed!
Thou deep, dull traitorous hypocrite:
The Sun of Heav'n hath shewn his head
This morn, and not your beams light yet?
For shame, for shame, bring perfect day;
For here's a Sun in beams of Hay;
Who hath brought perfect beams to night,
And yet your beams must give them light.
Then rear thy head, and go along
With us, in power of Praise and Song.

Heark, how the Angels from the sky,
All sorts of Cherubins beside,
Divinely make one Harmony,
At this *December* blessed Tide:
Angels above, and Kings below,
To make compleat this day, bestow
Sweet Odours from the East,
To scent our Phœnix nest,
And Gold t'enrich this Feast.

The Firmament in bright array,
Is beautifi'd with Stars, and laid
In Gold, as if upon this day
Order'd to wait upon the Babe.
Stars splendent shew, 'cause from us far,
Out of a Manger, shines a Star
Which more light to the world
Affords, then those Stars twirl'd,
Or 'bout the Poles are whirl'd.

In the vast Skie a Star did shine
To us poor Shepherds: by that light
W'were brought unto the Babe divine,
Delivered from Natures night;
Where in an Inne, nay Horses Inne,
The Babe his first breath did begin.
O vast Eternity,
Godhead-Divinity,
Manhood-Nativity!

This

This is the News we Shepherds bring;
Our eyes have seen a ſtarry Stranger;
We kiſs'd the Cradle of our King
At *Bethlehem*, a dirty Manger;
Whoſe body tender cloſe did lie
Unto his Mother, Virgin *Mary*,
A Virgin chaſte and pure,
As Mother, did endure
The pangs of Woman ſure.

We ſaw no Curtains but black Night,
The Virgin-Mother to keep warm:
Earths nightly rayment turn'd to white,
When Bleſſedneſs it ſelf was born;
And ſo the Firmament did ſtrow
Its Winter-ſtars, pure Snow, below.
So bedded was the Cradle,
And lined was the Stable
With pure, but cold Moveables.

No ſooner from the womb he came,
Tranſlated God for Man did cry:
Virgin, Maid, Mother, Married-dame,
She was by this bleſt Deity.
Earth, wonder much; Heaven, much more!
Godhead clothed in Manhood poor.
Gold like to Gold, when ſod,
Appears, though in dirt trod:
And God, in Fleſh, was God.

The Babe ſings, cries, and tunes out groans,
As if he hence departing were.
What draws our groans, but inward moans:
And after groans, drop trickling tears.
Oh what a day is this to us,
That God for Man muſt ſuffer thus?
Higheſt with One above,
Man 'mongſt men muſt move,
Vaſtneſs of depths in love.

We ſaw the Babe, the Babe this morn;
Compute we cannot yet his age:
Before years were, he long was born,
In Gods intent, to feed his Rage,
Leſt it ſhould Man devour. We ſee
Him born, who was born before we.
Adam firſt, this *Adam* next;
So in order to the Text,
This born before That expreſt.

Farewel, dear Virgin, rich with Balms,
And Sweets of heavenly Paradice:
Paradice thou haſt in thine arms,
A fleſhy Bundle of heavens Spice,
Which dropt from heaven in Humane form.
Regain'd is Paradice this morn.
Obleſt Nativity,
Which from the Deity
Sprang this Benignity.

And thee, dear Babe, whose Royal head
Embalmed lies in Innocence;
Betwixt two breasts making thy bed:
She could procure none other fence,
Should he return to earth again,
'Would finde less Faith, and more Disdain.
With Garlands wreath'd with Bays,
And Rose-Mary always,
We'll crown this birth of days.

God is become an earthly guest:
'Tis the sweet pride of his Humility,
To board himself at *Maries* breast;
And where he tables, there to lie.
Sweet are thy shifts, thou King of kings,
Sucking all day two milky springs:
And when at night th'art call'd to bed,
No more th'are food, but pillows spred,
To rest thy wearied head. They prove
At once both Food, and Bed of love.

Ano-

Another.

NOt yet arriv'd, swift Post of Day!
Into the Stars thy Chariot
Is driven, or else another way
Turn'd; so the neerest way forgot.
Thou flying Day, thou winged Cat,
Thou art out-gone by a Foot-post Star,
Which shim'd a Sun, and had such streams,
As led us to the Son of beams.

A gross Mistake! the Sun's awake,
And dances on the Ocean;
Now draws his streams from off the Lake,
And to the Earth's in motion.
Thus are we cozened with a fine Mistake;
The Sun's long rose, we new awake.
Vollies of voice both strong and loud
We'll sing, till he's wrapt in his Cloud.

Glory hath chang'd seats with the high
And mighty Majestie of Heaven:
For, in this little Majestie,
Is perfect God to the Earth given.
Thus God *above* here made a bed
For God *below* to lay his head.

Eternal vast Eternity
Heaven doth this day afford the Earth.
Welcome, sweet Span of endless glory!
Angels and we thus sound thy Birth.

Since

Since Heaven is here, we'll look no higher,
Finding God here, in Mans attire.

What need we upwards roll our eyes,
To view the firmament of Stars?
For here's the Sphere, where fixed lyes
All beauty, which their beauty mars.
Oh here is Heaven below; we see
God lying on his mother's knee.

But we'll up look, and view the clear
Bright firmament of Stars: What now?
They're fixed in his eyes, the Sphear
All circled by his smoothe white brow.
Thus are we taught by what's here given,
No more t' looke up, but down, to Heaven.

Heark, here is more of Heaven now heard;
Stars from his eyes do fal apace;
At which brisk Cherubs not afraid,
Enthrone themselves upon his face,
Sucking the Diamonds from his eyes,
Then flye away, and in the skies

Scatrer fresh Stars, and so became
The watry region twixt two Heavens,
To be remade a spangled frame,
Since Heaven and Earth were twins themselves.
Therefore no eldership is made
Twixt Heaven and Earth, since here he's laid,

For

For, long before a day was made,
He, as you see, in earth was laid.

Now welcome all that's from above,
And welfare all that are belowe
Let's sing the story of heavens love:
The Spheres are at it long ago:
And shall the Earth, that's new made Heaven,
Not with the Spheres in praise be even?

Musick and Love shall have a Duel,
Which shall out-vie in sound and shew;
And yet we'll adde some sacred fuel,
To heighten Voice with Musick too.
But such a Concord shall agree,
As if Earth were Heavens harmony.

Sound, Heaven and Earth, each sweet-lipp'd thing,
And burn Perfumes at ev'ry Song;
Bedew with Myrrhe each well-stretch'd string,
And tune a Base that's heard among
The Quire of Angels; so they shall,
To hear our sounds, be ravish'd all.

Whilst the small Musick shall affright
The Inne th'rowout, and wake each Groom
That hath not slept two hours this night,
And yawning, wonder it should be noon.
With speed, affrighted, to the Stable
They run, to cleanse, but are not able.

Some of the Hay hath Angels quilted,
To cover here this All-Small-Great;
Whilſt ſome, like rays, his eyes have gilded,
As lacing to his lodging-ſheet.
You ſee the Babe, a minute old,
Turns ſpires of Graſs to beams of Gold.
If any ask why yellow 's Hay,
It 's ſoon reſolv'd; God 'mongſt it lay.

No more of mirth, the Babe's at reſt,
Lull'd with the Lullabies of *Mary*,
In the warm Cradle 'twixt her breſt,
Leſt the pure Lamb ſhould elſe miſcarry.
Sweet Babe, it is thy mothers faith,
To fear, though God in arms ſhe hath.

Fear not, weep not, ſweeteſt *Mary*;
Why ſtrew you tears on the face
Of your lull'd Babe? Tears will carry
News to his Father from this place,
That you, for pain of this poor morn,
More ſigh, then joy that God is born.

Let not thy faith, ſweet *Mary*, ſlinch:
Hoſts of bright Angels centre can,
With all their glory, in an inch,
And cannot yours in this bleſt span?
Many in leſs, and cannot one
Have faith enough in God, her own?

Oh wouldst thou know what heaven is doing?
Preparing Maps to draw a new
Celestiall Compasse: They are viewing
Thee and the Babe; that Heaven's you two.
A Heavenly Substance, not a Map,
Mary, thou hast upon thy lap.

Oh Virgin-son, by title Heir
No Heaven; by birth, a Heaven it selfe:
Thy Virgin-mothers Dearest fair,
Thou King of Bath, not of its Wealth:
What shall we offer up unto thee?
Thou King of Heaven we have nothing for thee.

The Infant-day's an hour old:
Day and thy Beams do clear discover
The Vileness of poor Shepherds bold,
To tune thy birth before thy mother.
Give thee us leave hence to depart,
We'll come and praise thee with new heart.

And fill this Kingly Court of thine,
If thou accept our home-spun loves,
With this our Sacrifice Divine,
A slain fat Lamb, fair Turtle Doves:
Such, and our selves, we will prefer
A Sacrifice at thy Alter:
And so we'll spend in clouds of Bayes,
And Rosemary, this Christ-tide prayse.
And if thy Court, dread Babe, remove from us,
The Sun not Stars, shall guide us to the Jesus.

THE NEW-YEERS GIFT.

THou hast the art of Time: Alwayes in haste,
Flying continually, and yet not waste
One grain of sand! Nor doth thy quiting speed
Make Times pass wider, or the sand more glides;
But Measur'st Time so truly by thy Glass,
That not a sand, till its due time, doth pass.
Thou wastes not by thy haste; but bringst about
Thy hour unto our yeers end; so turn'st out
The Old, to entertain a New; and then
Turn'st up thy Annual Glass, to run agen;
Charging thy hour to hold course with the Sun,
And with such speed to haste, till th'yeer be done.
What! Is our yeer an hour? Time flyes indeed:
And is thy hour a yeer? there wants wing'd speed;
Thy yeer's but short, thy hour wondrous long:
Both short of ours, yet with our yeer art gon.
Dark Riddles of Mysterious Time! What's day,
If that thy hour's a yeer? Resolve I pray.
Nay, what are Days and Months? when sum'd up all,
Are in an hour, and yet that's Annual!
Time with such time th'hast no time; yet thou hast
The hour for this yeer, that thou had'st for the last.
And since thy golden Minuts run a fresh,
Heaven ope our hands and hearts, that we may express
The bounty of this Day in several wayes;
And whilst some *give*, let others give their praise
For what's *receiv'd*; others that on this day
Do nothing give, lift up their hands and Pray,
That Joy would kiss this infant-budding-yeer,
And crown our hopeful Seasons that appear,
Through the fresh Spring-tide of this glorious day:
Heavens Casements ope, and all its beams display,
Kissing and courting Earth, as if there were
At once two Deities in Heaven and Here.
How sweetly tune the Spheres? How moves the Sun?
That antick Masquer knows not where to run
To hide his head this morne, seeing one shines
In Earth more glorious: he droops, and so declines.

An Hymn for the EPIPHANIE, Or, Feast of Twelfstide.

WHat rock'd asleep in a Ruby-bed
Of Worth, or Imitation!
Come, rise, and shew thy Rosie head,
After the Circumcision.

What, must thy Chariot still appear
Lin'd with Vermillion lacings?
It's Twelfstide now; present most clear
Thy self in golden facings.

Shine circumgloriously th'rewont
The Universe, and let thy tresses
Be hung with Diamonds all about:
Shew Earth a Wonder in Heavens dresses.

So shall a day of Joy be shewn,
By the brisk masquing of thy beauty:

Al-

Although to All the cause not known
Why so thou shinest; it's but thy duty

To keep this day a Revelling
Th'rowout thy Azure Territories;
Whilst Angels come a gossiping,
Crowning the earth with equal glories.

Bright Sun, this is thy Wedding-day;
The Nightly Ladies soft-foot Teem
Will meet thee in a starry way,
Whilst Thou art King, and She thy Queen.

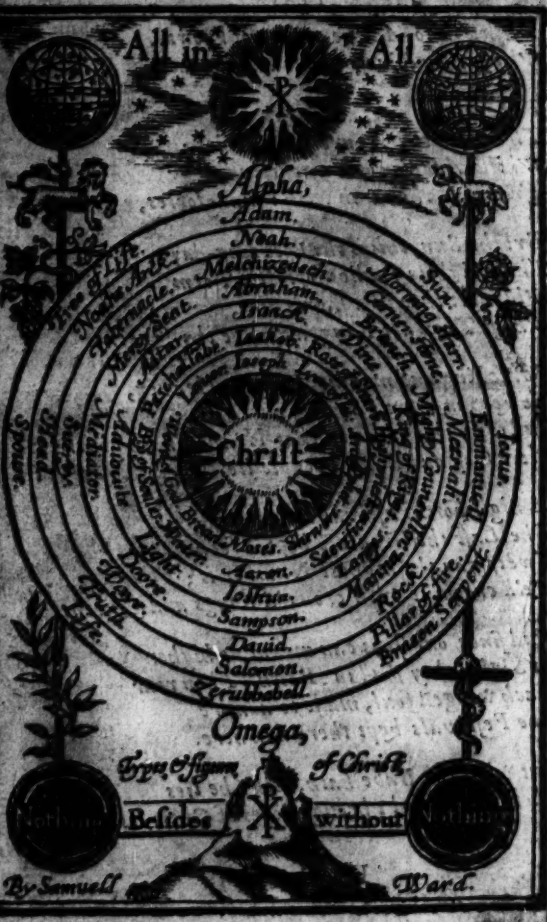
Matching and making Pairs is Heaven,
To keep on Earth Society:
Judge by this Heaven, that Heaven hath given;
Here God and Man a couple lie.

A high-born Festival is this;
The Last the Greatest kept it seems.
Twelf-day the highest Number is;
We'll crown it with crown'd Kings and Queens.

And since our Joys can mount no higher
In Sighs, they shall in Faith. Then rear
Each winged soul, made to admire
The Festivals kept there and here.

But what the Babe hath, look; he lies
Sucking his food through pipes of Cherries.

FINIS.


All in All.
Alpha,
Adam.
Noah.
Melchizedech.
Abraham.
Isaack.
Jacob.
Moses.
Aaron.
Iosua.
Sampson.
David.
Salomon.
Zerubbabell.
Christ
Omega,
Tree of Life.
Tabernacle.
Mercy Seat.
Altar.
Table.
Rose of Sharon.
Vine.
Branch.
Corner Stone.
Rock.
Manna.
Light.
Dore.
Way.
Truth.
Life.
Sword.
Spouse.
Emmanuel.
Jesus.
Messiah.
Mighty Counsellor.
Prince of Peace.
Lamb.
Sacrifice.
Rock.
Pillar of Fire.
Brasen Serpent.
Horn of Salvation.
Sun.
Nothing
Besides
without
Nothing
By Samuell
Ward.